Thirty two days after the fourth time Dean let the man named Louis take him to some crappy hotel room instead of leaving the bar alone, Dean wakes up in the hotel room he shares with Sam to find that the sound of wings that he wakes up to wasn't caused by Castiel.

Instead, it's Louis, and god-*damnit* why is Dean not surprised that he's been banging an angel into the wall on and off for the last several months.

"Dean," Louis says, and Dean glares at him. Nevermind that whoever-Louis-really-is sounds something like desperate.

"Get out." Dean says. He's not inclined to feel charitable.

"Don't say that, Dean. I came to give you something." And the desperate tone is gone, replaced by something smoother, something more arrogant. It's the tone Dean recognizes from whenever Louis wanted to talk him into restraints, or some other creative thing to try during the sex, and it's the tone that usually makes Dean say yes, regardless of what he's thinking.

"Get the hell out." Dean repeats, drawing the gun from under his pillow. It might not work on angels, but it'll make him feel better if he shoots Louis, he's sure.

This is about when Sam wakes up. Dean sees Sam go from mostly asleep to sitting up completely awake out of the corner of his eye, and he tenses as Sam gets off the bed as if Louis had set it on fire.

"Lucifer," Sam says, and *hell* no.

Louis- Lucifer smirks. "I'm not here to visit you this morning, Sam. I came for Dean."

"What do you want with Dean?" Sam asks, and Dean doesn't want to know.

Lucifer looks between them, then smiles placidly as he walks up to Dean (and ignores how his chest blossoms with blood when Dean shoots him twice) and gently places a large silver egg in Dean's hands.

"Our daughter," Lucifer says. "Take care of her until I return."

There's a long, long silence.

"Oh," Lucifer says, as if he honestly forgot something. "I suggest asking Castiel for whatever advice you require."

Lucifer leans in, eyes on Dean. "If she has been harmed in any way when I return, I promise you ruin." He's deadly serious, and Dean can't stop the shiver that runs through him at Lucifer's words.

Then Lucifer presses a light kiss to his lips and is gone.

Dean contemplates suicide and the silver egg in his hands instead of looking up at Sam.